

HENRY'S GRAVE.

Standing beside the consecrated mound,
That marked the narrow grave wherein he lay,
I thought upon the Trumpet's welcome sound,
That would arouse him in the latter day.

I thought of the young spirit, that had fled
Beyond the keenest search of human eye—
Beyond the limits of a world of dread—
Beyond the reach of man's philosophy.

And as I strove to lift the distant veil—
To track the spirit in its upward flight—
My mind was awed—my vision seemed to fail,
And all became confused as blackest night!

I was an atom of mere mortal mould,
Too weak to pierce the depths that soul had trod;
Backward to earth my wandering senses rolled,
And my eye rested on the crumbling sod—

Part of myself—poor perishable clay!
The child whose corse beneath my feet did lie,
Was, like myself, but mortal, yesterday,
And now, a dweller with the blest on high!

Oh! Mystery of Mysteries! Oh, Death!
I sit and muse in deep solemnity,
And wonder how the dust that perisheth
Must pass to life eternal but through thee!